

Tabloid Magazine

HINTS HILARITIES HAPPENINGS HELPS

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

ALSO AN EMPIRE.
SEGREGATE YOUR HENS.
OUR AMERICAN MOUNTAINS.
WHY CHEAT REAL WORKERS?

Within a short time, says C. D. Burney, aviation expert, and member of the British Parliament, the farthest point of the British Empire will be within twenty-four hours of London by flying machine.

Uncle Sam, please take notice. This also is an empire. Is it as far from the south end of Florida to the north end of Alaska, and from Bar Harbor, Maine, to San Diego?

The country is gradually waking up to our flying machine situation, and it NEEDED to wake up.

Secretary Wilbur gives this information. Five hundred airplanes of the navy are useless. And even the remaining 224 that can fly, more or less, are all out of date.

Do you keep chickens? Keep them away from other chickens if you can. Europe has sent here a poultry plague for which there is no known cure. Congress voted \$100,000 to fight it. Rigid quarantine will help the situation.

Segregate your chickens, and beware how you eat raw vegetables, unless cleaned with great thoroughness, which isn't easy. Be cautious, especially about raw lettuce. The French alone know how to prepare that plant, grown in open fields, often with barnyard manure carrying typhoid germs.

Every leaf should be separated from every other leaf and carefully washed. The salad should be mixed in a big bowl, turned over and over, "well fatigued," as the French put it, until every part of every leaf has some of the vinegar on it. Vinegar kills germs. With vegetables thorough.

boiled, there is, of course, no cause to fear typhoid.

The New Haven Railroad wants to stop bus lines in Rhode Island because they compete. That seems quite reasonable.

While respectable gentlemen in Wall Street were gutting the New Haven Railroad, robbing old women and children that had all their money invested in it, they squandered millions on trolley lines, etc. That was all right, because the railroad did it.

But now private individuals that own their omnibuses want to carry citizens that own their public highways and want to be carried. The railroad says you mustn't do it; it interferes with us.

What about flying machines, which will soon give REALLY cheap transportation? Will the New Haven decide that it owns the air, and ask convenient courts for injunctions to keep the people of the United States from flying on their own atmosphere? Very likely.

In generations to come, men and governments more nearly civilized will allow no children to develop stunted bodies and deformed minds in city slums. They will fly to the high lands of Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, to all parts of the American mountain paradise of health and beauty.

There they will develop into real men and women. The United States will breed its own strong people, no longer depending on Europe as it does now for constant supplies of fresh blood.

Our mountains will supply the fresh blood, and men grown there will supply the workers, not hand-picked and shovels, but workers with brains and machines.

The bill to raise the pay of hard-working post office employees may be defeated because somebody is accused of trying to get it through by bribery.

What of that? Thousands of underpaid postal employees know nothing about the bribery, and had nothing to do with it. The bribery story sounds rather fishy.

The only question for Congress to decide is whether or not the men that do the hard work in the post office DESERVE decent pay, whether or not Uncle Sam should set a good example, paying his servants properly, or a mean, stingy, unworthy example, cheating his own employees that may keep down the taxes of rich men.

THAT'S THE REAL QUESTION.

Poem

by Uncle John

And now comes the poem that reckons she knows, and gives us her judgement found—that wimmen is due to wear masculine cloze, from their fore-top clean down to the ground. "The day is fast coming," this angel asserts, "with the sexes unite in the art, and they'll wear the same trousers, socks, weskits an' shirts—begosh they can't tell us apart! In view of the prospects, I've little to say—though I'm half-way inclined to approve . . . and, when folks are accustomed to havin' their way, it's as easy to wait as to move. I reckon the change will come on by degrees, like most of our needed reforms—till, the fast thing we know, they'll climb ladders an' trees, an' their duds will stand down when it storms. . . . And then—the exchanges twist husband an' wife, might lead to joyments intense.—I can see 'em a-havin' the time of their life as rivals in jumpin' the fence."



Judge's Josh

THE WOLF IN MANY DOORS THIS WINTER IS DAUGHTER IN A NEW FUR COAT



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The NERVOUS WRECK

by E. J. Rath

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

The "Nervous Wreck," an eccentric young customer, drives Sally Morgan, daughter of a Montana ranch owner, over a rough, uncertain trail from the ranch to the railroad station. They run out of gasoline and the occupants of a passing car refuse to lend them any. The Wreck takes five gallons at the point of a gun and drives on. Later they are held captive at a ranch along the way because the foreman, Charlie McSwen, needs a cook, and Sally fills that need. They discover that the owner of the ranch is the owner of the car which they held up. McSwen announces that the owner is Mr. Underwood of New York, and that he and his boy and girl expect to stay at the ranch for several weeks.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

"His heir" from New York is why I'm so particular about the cookin' I had Chinks here last year and they did real well. So I went and got another pair this summer. But, as I told you, the boys got kind of juvenile with 'em and they lit out. It seems that a Chink expects you to take him serious. It beats hell."

"The boss must save money," suggested Sally.

"Yes, ma'am; he's lousy with it. He raises fancy cattle, only that ain't the way he made his money. He took it from somebody in Wall Street. But there ain't any finer cattle in Montana. They don't know how he made his money. They don't care. I can't say that I care anything myself. I'm liberal in my views. If I were you, ma'am, I'd sort of give 'em plenty to eat, but I'd make it look as if it was New York as I could."

"Oh, I'll give them lots," said Sally.

"You worry, old—"

"I chopped half way from her lips," he said. "It was awfully hard to get her to stop when Charlie was so close. But Charlie gave no sign that he noticed anything."

"That's right, ma'am; feed 'em like and fancy. I can see you're going to make an awful hit with the boss."

"He went out again, satisfied that dinner was under way and that Sally would be a credit to his discrimination in cooks. He was flying around the kitchen like a butterfly on wires, attending to three or four things at once, but without the least trace of confusion."

"I spoke that up, Henry, put a few words on it and get it going. I want a hot oven. There's a pile of food outside the door. Fill the kettle over at the sink pump and put on. I've got fifty things to do. You've got to help with some of 'em. Better put your apron on. You'll get all mussed up if you don't."

The Wreck went about his task with a scowl.

"The big lying hog," he said. "I never touched their watches and valuables."

"They're just excited," explained Sally, as she hunted for a rolling pin. "People always exaggerate. Charlie doesn't suspect us, anyhow, so there's that much gained. Don't fill the kettle too full; it'll boil over."

"I'm not. I'll be hanged if I break my neck cooking for them."

"That's nothing. I've cooked for lots of people. Besides, we're stalling for time. We're going to give them the best meal we know how."

"Chinamen's work!"

"It would be a good thing for us if we were Chinamen," said Sally, blandly. "Then we'd have a complete alibi."

He grumbled his way through the nores, but she could not complain that he was inefficient. Although he seemed constantly at the point of disobedience, the Wreck followed his orders. He even kept a faithful eye on the stove, while she went into the room to set the table. She peeped into the living

room while engaged in this task, but the Underwood family was evidently upstairs.

"Underwood?" she mused. "Can't say that I remember hearing the name around here. Fancy cattle, eh? I've heard of somebody around here who raised prize Herefords. I'll bet it's the same one. But if it is, we're a long way from the Bar-M. We haven't any neighbors like that."

There were footsteps on the stair case that came down into the living rooms and Sally, with a final look at the table, fled back into the kitchen.

"They're coming down," she informed the Wreck. "We've got to hurry. Thank Heaven, biscuits don't take long. You keep an eye on that coffee, and don't let it boil. Stop it just when it starts. I haven't time to cook any meat besides. I don't know where they keep it. They're going to have an omelette."

It was a very large omelette that she made, fluffy and thick, a rhapsody in yellows and golden browns. The Wreck eyed it with jealous disapproval, but she did not give him time to express an opinion. She had him opening a can of soup and

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his appetites, then stepped back and gave for another inspection. He scrutinized her several seconds. "It makes you look tremendously different," she said. "Can you see anything without them?" "I can see you," said the Wreck, blinking.

"Wait a minute."

She ran to a closet and came back carrying a starched white jacket. "It must have belonged to one of the Chinamen," she said. "But think it will fit you. Put it on."

She managed to get him into it after fierce protest. Then she viewed him again.

"I really believe," she said, slowly, "that you can get away with it. With that, and the apron, and no spectacles, you don't look the least bit like a nervous wreck. You don't look like a hold-up man, anyhow. And if you're sure you can get around without falling over things, I believe I'll let you try it. But be awfully, awfully careful about your voice. Try to disguise it, if you can. Don't forget yourself and bark at them."

"I never bark."

"You did then. But you mustn't just keep remembering that we're still hiding out. You think they're at the table now. You can't see the soup, and don't forget to serve things from the left."

He picked up a tray and began navigating cautiously in the direction of the dining room. Sally watched him anxiously. It was an awful risk, she thought, but if he passed the test she would feel a lot safer.

CHAPTER IX
The Four-in-One Bandit

THERE were two persons in the dining room when the Wreck entered with the tray. He could make them out with reasonable clearness as he drew nearer to them. One was the girl, Underwood's daughter. If you like colorful blonds, she was just the right sort, slim, with a delicate prettiness that belonged to the city. Opposite her sat a youth who appeared to be a year or so older. He was well set up and rather good looking, even if there was a surly set to his features. He was drawing things on the tablecloth with the tip of a fork.

In the living room there was a table, close to the dining room door, and on the table was a telephone. Somebody with a heavy voice was using it. The Wreck identified the voice instantly. It belonged to the large man who would not share his gasoline. The girl and the youth were listening and the Wreck, pretending to be busy by wiping the soup plates with a napkin.

"Well, you've got to get him," said the heavy voice, with a note of terrible authority. "I don't care if you have to try every place in the county. He ought to leave word where he goes. This is Underwood talking. What? Yes, certainly. Oh, you understand now, do you? Well, you get him. Leave word every place you try that he's to call on me. I know who it is. And you tell him it's important, see? Tell him it's the most important job he ever had. I don't call people up for nothing. Get busy."

There was the snap of a receiver roughly replaced and the creaking of a chair.

"Haven't they located him yet, father?" called the girl.

"No, and I don't believe they're half trying." Underwood was entering the dining room. "First they thought he was over at Father. Now they think he's gone back to the county seat. I don't care where he is. I want him."

The owner of the ranch seated himself at the end of the table. The Wreck observed that he lowered himself into his chair with a slight stiffness of movement. It pleased him to think that he knew the cause. The mugger of the dinner showed a tell-tale wariness where it had judged him violently. There was no taking Underwood, even without the aid of spectacles. The Wreck had seen him in the white glare of searchlights, toiling desperately at a crank, and the heavily jawed face was forever marked in his memory.

(To Be Continued)

Are You in Misery?

Backache? Chest hurt? Muscles sore? Put on a Red Cross Kidney Plaster. It will quickly relieve your pain and put you in shape for your work.

Red Cross Kidney Plaster

Ask your druggist for the plaster with the Red Cross—famous for years.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., U.S.A.



STRAIT-TEX

TRADE-MARK

HAS ENJOYED SUCH UNEXPECTED SUCCESS IN THE PAST YEAR THAT WE HAVE DECIDED TO ADD A FEW MORE BEAUTIFYING PREPARATIONS TO OUR LIMITED BUT EFFECTIVE LINE

The following is our complete list

Strait-Tex Hair Refining Tonic
\$1.00 per bottle. Refines kinky, frizzy, coarse hair to smooth; medium hair to good.

Strait-Tex Hair Grower
25c per jar. Not only promotes growth of the hair, but makes it soft, pliable and luxuriant. An excellent pressing oil.

Gloss-Tex Brilliantine
50c per bottle. Makes the hair soft and glossy and keeps it in good condition without leaving it oily or gummy.

Strait-Tex Herbs
\$1.00 per jar. Is a vegetable preparation that actually straightens and restores the original color to gray or faded hair. Color permanent—positively will not rub off, no matter how often the hair is shampooed. Three shades: Black, Brown and Chestnut-Brown.

Kokomo Shampoo
40c per bottle. Is made from pure coconut oil; cleans the scalp and roots of the hair in a natural, healthy manner.

Bronze Beauty Vanishing Cream
50c per jar. Is a soothing, greaseless vanishing face cream that will not grow hair.

Bronze Beauty Lemon Cream
50c per jar. Is nourishing, softening and stimulating to the skin; is filled with a triple strength of oil of lemon—making it a mild, bleaching cream.

Bronze Beauty Face Powders
50c per box. Are suited to all complexions. Can be successfully used on dry or oily skins. The shades: High Brown and Bronze Glow are favorites.

Mollyglosco
\$1.00 per jar. Is a special hair straightener for men; positively guaranteed to straighten the most stubborn hair in from 10 to 20 minutes without the use of hot irons. Will not injure the scalp or turn the hair red.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
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608 FIFTH AVENUE
PITTSBURGH, PA., U.S.A.

Hat In Ring



Mrs. Florence Kahn, widow of the late Congressman Kahn of California, has formally announced her candidacy to succeed her husband at Washington.

Millions To Workers



Wm. M. Ritter, lumber king of Ohio and West Virginia, has just given between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 to employees, relatives and close friends. 94 employees have been with him more than 20 years.

Awaits His Hour



Ban B. Johnson, President of American Baseball League, humiliated by the club owners of the league in sustaining Judge Lane is sitting tight and awaiting his hour. Those "in the know" Ban knows what he is talking about and baseball will yet be forced to clean house and honor back above the dollar mark.

Principals In Millionaire Orphan Death Quiz



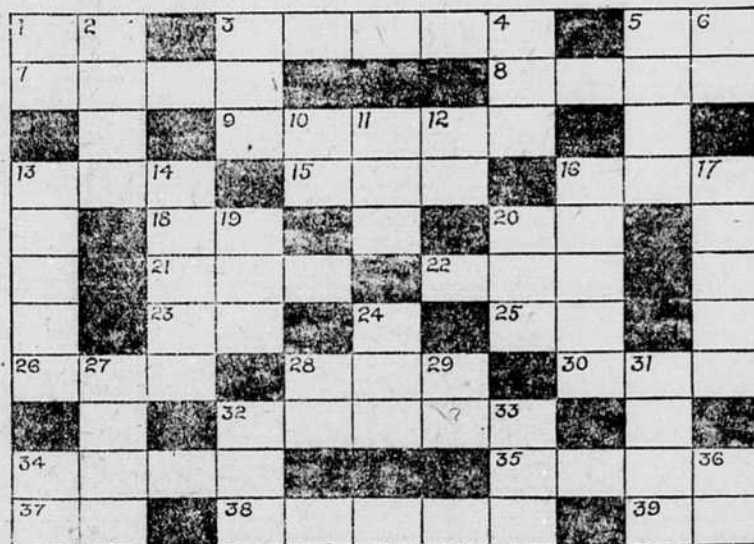
Above are Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Shepherd of Chicago, foster parents of Wm. McClintock, the youthful heir to \$6,000,000 who died from typhoid fever while his fiancée, Miss Isabelle Pope (below), waited outside the door with a marriage license. The will left all to the Shepards, except \$8,000 a year to Miss Pope. So much talk followed that the authorities stepped in to learn if there were any ulterior motives of death.



A large ornament wound out of felt to suit, adds to the attractiveness of this close-fitting model. The trimming is one of the newest developments in felt hats.

Try Your Luck With This Deep One

One of our readers, who wants to arrange a cross-word puzzle asks us to explain more fully what is meant by "no interlocked units". No doubt such explanation will be welcomed by other readers. As an example, this week's puzzle, slow, as arranged by Lillian Middleton, is an excellent design. It will be observed that the black spaces are so arranged in the design that no word or group of words is locked off from the other words or groups throughout the puzzle. In other words, the solver of the puzzle may as well start at the lower right hand corner as at the upper left hand corner, or No. 1. An arrangement of this kind permits a wide approach to the correct solution, as there are keys available all over the puzzle.



HORIZONTAL

- Article.
- A cough (provincial English).
- Extra explanation (abbr.).
- For some reason.
- A body of individuals regarded as one.
- A liquid.
- To wager.
- A form of Crochet.
- An epoch.
- Pronoun.
- A parent.
- A hardwood tree.
- Form of verb "to have".

VERTICAL

- Opposed to left (abbr.).
- The nominative plural of the second personal pronoun.
- Girl's name.
- A lazy, immoral fellow.
- A falsehood.
- In the metric system.
- A dwelling place.
- Resting on.
- Form of verb "to be".
- A subject.
- Observe.

1 Since.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

